I, Taylor Larsen, leave to **Rory Quigley** my heart and a tank of gas to fill your Kia when you come visit me in Boone. To **Brad Nelson**, I leave my phone number so that you can give me a call whenever you want to go to the open-mic night in NoDa and lots of brotherly/sisterly love. To **Tyler Schilly**, I leave a lap dance, and a bow tie and cummerbund set for Prom 2013. To **Kelly Cook**, I leave the newspaper staff (GOOD LUCK), and hours of pinning in the back room. To **Sam Leflore**, I leave nothing… absolutely nothing. To **Kerri Hughes**, I leave free reign to report on anything you want (not just fashion!). To **Zach Robbe**, I leave an invitation to the back room and a spot on the staff reporter list. To **Emily Foster aka K2**, I leave **Tomas Roy** and his soccer sweatshirt. To **Tomas Roy**, I leave a “Scramble with Friends for Dummies” book so you can finally beat me. To **Nathan Dowd**, I leave an apology… from Avery. To **Brett Heinz**, I leave movies. Stacks and stacks of movies. To **Riley Stickland**, I leave my Jeep, my dogs, my parents, and a lifetime supply of sushi. To **Will Johnson,** I leave **Chris Daly**. Make sure he has a good time at prom next year. To **the entire Charlotte Catholic Varsity Volleyball Team**, I leave my captain’s spot, sleepovers, the animals at Lazy 5 Ranch, bags on bags on bags of grapes, ice packs, bottles of Sunkist, story time in the locker room hallway, a gorilla suit, white trucks with Mexicans in them, pepper spray to ward off all those boys, the trunk of my car, a driving handbook, and the privilege to drop it anywhere, at any time. Peace out Charlotte Catholic #cougs4eva